

They laughed at William Carlos Williams at Iowa,
alien he among the corn where welaway 'twas Vanguard,
Academy Writing and Other

Oxymorons. Padraic Colum at our small place wandering,
forgot his Gaelic riverbanks,
finally asking which poem of his we wanted read
and not one title did we know. Shaking, he fished down

and drew up just a line. After in an upper room used
for storage never retrieved, one student
mine, female in the sense that shimmered

any place in time, shook his freckled hand.
How're you doin? Thanks! counters the newest

wit of all bored
auditoriums,
conquers suet.